King. I prethe giue no limits to my tongue,
I am a king and priuiledge to speake.
Clif. My Lord the wound that bred this meeting here
Cannot be cru'd with words, therefore be ſtil'd,
Rich. Then executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all I am reſolu'de,
That *Cliffords* manhood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſaiſt thou *Henry*, ſhall *I* haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to daie,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the crowne.
War. If thou denie their blouds be on thy head,
For *Yorke* in iuſtice puts his armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwike* ſaies is right,
There is no wrong but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy ſire nor dam,
But like a foule miſhapen ſtygmaticke
Markt by the deſtinies to be auoided,
As venome Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.
Rich. Iron of *Naples*, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a king,
As if a channell ſhould be calde the Sea;
Shames thou not, knowing from whence thou art de-
Riu'de, to parlie thus with Englands lawfull heires?
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand crowns,
To make that ſhameleſſe callet know her ſelfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of *France*,
And tam'de the French, and made the Doiphin ſtoope?
And had he macht according to his ſtate,

He

He might haue kept that glorie till this daie.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And graceſt thy poore ſire with his brid all daie,
Then that ſun-ſhine bred a ſhowre for him
Which waſht his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt ſeditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd theſe tumults but thy pride?
Hadſt thou beene meeke, our title yet had ſlept?
And we in pittie of the gentle king,
Had ſlipt our claime vntill an other age.
George. But when we ſaw our ſummer brought the gaine,
And that the harueſt brought vs no increaſe,
We ſet the axe to thy vſurping root,
And though the edge haue ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou we will neuer ceaſe to ſtrike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Edw. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Not willing anie longer conference,
Since thou denieſt the gentle king to ſpeake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudie colours waue,
And either victorie or elſe a graue.
Quee. Staie *Edward* ſtaie.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer ſtaie,
Thy words will coſt ten thouſand liues to daie.
Exeunt Omnes. Alarmes.
Enter *Warwike.*
War. Sore ſpent with toile as runners with the race,
I laie me downe a little while to breath,
For ſtrokes receiude, and manie blowes repaide,

Hath